WOMEN WHO DESERVE HONORS

Nation Should Pay Tribute to the Work of Marcia Burns Van Ness and Dorothea Dix.

By CHARLOTTE M. CONGER.

The world is apt to accept the gifts the gods bestow without inquiry to as their inspiration or their source. We look at this monument and enjoy it, profit by that charity with indifference as to what great soul we are indebted for our enjoyment and our profit. Back of all great humanitarian projects one can always find the influence of a woman, yet the names of but few are perpetuated in the institutions that were inspired or actually founded by them.

Mr. Corcoran, who established the Louise Home in memory of his wife and daughter, so named it that on first hearing of this home one is prompted to ask, "Who was the Louise for whom this great memorial was raised?" Hence all the world knows that this delightful refuge in which aged gentlewomen pass in peace and comfort their old age, is a loving tribute to Louise, the wife, and Louise, the daughter, of its founder.

But in the businesslike and unromantic name of the orphan asylum in Fourteenth street no hint of the story of its founder is given, yet there is no institution in Washington so closely interwoven with the early history of the Capital and of the quaint Scotch family upon whose farm the city was built.

Leaves a Monument.

The story of David Burns, his obduracy, his Scotch pride, his shrewdness in driving a bargain, are well known to even the casual student of history, and the little cottage in which he lived the simple life of a farmer still remains in the park south of the White House, a wee bit of a place, surrounded by stately and imposing buildings, a constant reminder of "obstinate David Burns," but to his daughter and heiress, who built herself a palace within a stone's throw of the cottage where she was born, and gave freely of her time, her money, and her influence to help the poor and needy of her day, no monument, save the one in Oak Hill Cemetery, exists; at least, no stone is so labeled. Yet the City Orphan Asylum was conceived and established by Marcia Burns Van Ness.

Marcia Burns was born in 1782, married to Gen. John P. Van Ness, member of Congress from New York, "well bred, well fed, well read," in 1802, and died in 1832. The child, Marcia, was brought up in the little cottage, a familiar landmark to all Washingtonians, but when her father came into his great fortune through the sale of his land to the national government, she was sent to Baltimore to be brought up in the family of and with the daughters of that brilliant, eccentric, and interesting character, Luther Martin, the friend of Aaron Burr and his defender, and friend, protege, and defender of Samuel Chase, although his eloquence did not prevent the impeachment from the Supreme Bench of that noted Marylander.

In a Refined Circle.

Luther Martin's position as attorney general of the State of Maryland and his family connections, despite the many low habits that marked him, gave the Martins a fine social position, so that Marcia had at an early age the advantage of mingling in the most refined circle in America, and it was this early initiation into the fashionable world that enabled her to carry off with so much dignity and grace the duties of the position in which her marriage placed her.

Marcia Burns doubtless met her future husband at the Martins' home, for, like Martin, the Van Nesses were devoted friends of Burr. The elder Van Ness had supported Burr against the Clintons and Livingstons, and William P. Van Ness was Burr's second in the duel with Hamilton, and afterward secreted him in his house at Kinderhook. Burr, indeed, was instrumental in making the match between the fair Marcia and the young member of Congress from New York, and we can imagine him making a brilliant speech at the wedding.

This marriage was blessed by one child, a daughter, Ann, who married Arthur Middleton, son of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Ann Middleton died in childbirth less than a year after her marriage, and from this time on Mrs. Van Ness lived a life of retirement and seclusion, devoting herself to charity and religion.

The chief object of her interest was the orphan asylum, which had been founded through her influence in 1815. At this time the war of 1812 had left many families in distress and many orphans to be cared for. Mrs. Van Ness, who was being constantly called upon for assistance, determined to make some permanent provision for the destitute orphans, who, more than any other class, appealed to her sympathy, and to that end consulted with the wife of Rev. Obediah Brown, pastor of the First Baptist Church, as to the best means to establish these unfortunate children in a permanent home.

Plan Orphan Asylum.

The result of this consultation was an invitation to the leading women of Washington to meet in the hall of the House of Representatives, Tuesday, October 10, 1815, "to consider the propriety of instituting an asylum for the relief and maintenance of orphans." At this meeting the Washington City Orphan Asylum was founded, with the wife of the President, Mrs. James Madison, as first directress, and Mrs. J. P. Van Ness as second directress. Mrs. Josiah Caldwell was named as treasurer, and there were nine lady managers, among them Mrs. Dudley Diggs, of Green Hill, where Maj. l'Enfant had founded an asylum; Mrs. Breckenridge, and Mrs. Roger Weightman, whose husband was one of the early mayors of Washington.

The first home of the new asylum was on the corner of Tenth street and Pennsylvania avenue, but soon after a committee was appointed to obtain funds for the erection of a suitable building, and such a building was finally erected on a corner of her estate, through which H street now runs, donated by Mrs. Van Ness. Dolly Madison gave $20 toward the new building, and a cow; Mrs. Monroe, who refused to serve in the place of Mrs. Madison, her predecessor in the White House, donated $50. In five years the asylum had outgrown these quarters and a house was rented in Seventh street, between H and I streets, and later on a permanent home was built in H street between Ninth and Tenth streets.

The civil war and the consequent increase in the number of orphans which must be cared for by the asylum necessitated another move. The H street house was accordingly sold to William Galt and a house in I street, adjoining the spacious dwelling that a grateful country had given to Gen. Grant, was rented. Meantime, the managers of the asylum had acquired the tract of land in Fourteenth street, where it is at present located, and were building a new home, which they hoped would be a permanent one.

Many Years Necessary.

The plans were made by John C. Harkness; the building was put up by John G. Naylor, and the corner stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies July 12, 1865. It was to be years, however, before its actual owners were to occupy it, for the tearing down of the old State, War, and Navy Department to the west of the White House left these offices homeless, and from a feeling of patriotism, as well as in consideration for the handsome rental they received, the board of managers of the asylum leased their new building to the Department of State. The orphans were finally installed there in May, 1876, in the one hundredth year of the republic and sixty-one years after the asylum was founded, and they have remained there uninterruptedly since.

Mrs. Van Ness died in 1832, a victim of the Asiatic cholera, which visited the Capital in that year. It would have been a simple matter for her to have left town with the other refugees who sought safety elsewhere, but she had just succeeded Mrs. Madison as directress of the asylum, and felt that her duty lay with the helpless orphans she was mothering and with the sick and suffering poor outside of the asylum walls; and so she died, the beautiful daughter of the Scotch peasant and the petted wife of the brilliant politician, doing her self-imposed duty.

The only hint of her service to the asylum is her portrait, which hangs in the reception room, where it was placed by her associates on the board of managers, and visitors pass in and out of the building without learning anything of the inspiring story of the woman who gave her life for others. It would seem fitting and proper that her name should be given to the institution which owes its existence to her, and that it should in name, as it does in fact, stand as a memorial to her service and devotion.

Buried with Official Honor.

The only monument so far erected to Marcia Burns is the copy of the Temple of Vesta, which was built and erected by Col. Van Ness in David Burns' burying ground, whence it was removed a number of years ago by his heirs to the spot in Oak Hill which it now occupies. Her husband was mayor of Washington at the time of her death, and Mrs. Van Ness was buried with official honors, the first woman to be so distinguished.

The account in the papers of the day tell of an imposing ceremony. The hearse and family coach, drawn by four horses, were dressed in mourning, and a procession on either side of the hearse of the little orphans she had befriended accompanied the remains to the grave. Beside the tablet giving her name, date of birth, marriage and death, the citizens of Washington placed another plate, inscribed:

"The citizens of Washington, in testimony of their veneration for departed worth, dedicate this plate to the memory of Marcia Van Ness, the excellent consort of J. P. Van Ness. If piety, charity, high principle, and exalted worth could have averted the shafts of fate, she would still have remained among us, a bright example of every virtue. The hand of death has removed her to a purer and happier state of existence; and while we lament her loss, let us endeavor to emulate her virtues."

Praised in Verse.

The sculptor, Horatio Greenough, was supposed to be the author of the following lines, signed "H. G." and published in The Globe at the time of her death, which, although it has been widely quoted, shall be set down here:

Mid rank and wealth and worldly pride,
From every snare she turned aside,
She sought the low, the humble shed,
Where guant disease and famine tread,
And from that time in youthful pride,
She stood Van Ness' blooming bride;
No day her blameless head o'er past,
But saw her dearer than the last.

When one visits St. Elizabeth, walks through the beautiful grounds, examines the handsome buildings, notes the convalescents living under the most agreeable conditions, conditions that make for their progress toward health, and, in many cases, ultimate recovery, and appreciates that even the hopeless, the incurable insane are surrounded by every comfort, protected in every way, and given every chance to improve, it is difficult to realize that this wonderful place owes its existence to a frail woman, a semi-invalid for a part of her life, and that not only this institution, but scores of others, exist and flourish from the seeds that her devotion planted.

If ever a woman earned the halo of sainthood it is Dorothea Dix, yet among all the monuments in the Capital none bears her name—the name of one of the greatest benefactors of all time and of all countries, of the human race.

Sympathy for Insane.

Dorothea Dix was born in Maine in 1802. She began teaching at the age of fourteen, and she was nearly forty when she started her propaganda for the better treatment of the insane. Her interest and sympathy for those unfortunates was first excited by the treatment of the insane inmates of the East Cambridge House of Correction, where she was a volunteer teacher in the Sunday school maintained there by the Harvard divinity students. Immediately she realized their sufferings and the unspeakable condition in which they were kept, she took measures to help them and to interest others in her work.

Charles Sumner and Dr. Samuel G. Howe were her first converts, and she soon gathered about her a band of valiant supporters, among them Dr. William E. Channing, Horace Mann, John G. Palfrey, and Dr. Luther V. Bell, of the McLean Asylum, whose experience and advice were, of course, invaluable. Miss Dix traveled from end of Massachusetts to the other investigating the treatment of the insane, and then, equipped with facts and evidence, and backed by some of the most prominent men in the State, she memoralized the legislature, asking for the enlargement of the asylum at Worcester that all the insane persons scattered throughout the county jails of the State might be segregated there.

Spreads the Propaganda.

This great work successfully accomplished, Miss Dix conducted a like campaign in New Jersey, then in Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, North and South Carolina, and Maryland, extending her work even into the British provinces of St. Johns and Newfoundland.

Unless one admits that she was endowed with the divine spirit, the stupendous work this woman accomplished is incomprehensible. She was essentially feminine in her appearance, manners, methods, beautiful of face and figure. Dark, wavy, brown hair, parted in the middle and combed down over the ears, after the fashion of the period, framed a radiant face, with lovely, ever-changing gray eyes, red cheeks, and a shapely nose and expressive mouth.

She made no speeches, presided over no meetings, but came "to close quarters of eye, conscience, and heart with impressionable and influential minds, to deliver her burden as from the Lord to them, and let it work on their sensibility and reason"—this was her invariable method.

In 1848 Miss Dix memorialized Congress for a grant of 5,000,000 acres of public lands, the proceeds from the sale of which were to be set aside as a perpetual fund for the indigent insane of the entire country.

Gets an Appropriation.

While she was in Washington devoting herself to the securing of this grant, she created and had passed the District hospital bill, which provided for the relief of the insane of the army and navy in the district. This bill appropriated $100,000 for the purpose named in the bill, which was the nucleus of St. Elizabeth's, one of the best and most noted institutions of the kind in the world. The first superintendent of the new asylum was Dr. Charles Henry Nichols, who was selected for the position by Miss Dix herself, and who remained at his post uninterruptedly for twenty-five years.

It will be seen from these brief sketches that two of the most notable institutions in Washington owe their existence to women, who neither hoped nor worked for glory, yet to them is due the eternal gratitude of the nation they benefited. Dorothea Dix will stand forever preeminent among the great and unconquering souls of the ages.

No woman or any man ever worked greater good to her brothers than she and Marcia Van Ness—in a more limited sphere and handicapped in many ways—did what her hands found to do with all her might, and finally met a heroine's death at her post of duty. We cannot canonize these noble and devoted souls, but we can hold their memories in grateful remembrance and place their statues in our Hall of Fame, crowned with laurel chaplets emblematic of their service to mankind.

The next Congress, perhaps, might be persuaded to refrain from appropriating more money for plunging horses bearing obscure heroes, and set aside a sum to do honor to the memories of Dorothea Dix and Marcia Burns.

FAMOUS SONGS AND THEIR HISTORY

No. 58.

"The Lost Chord."

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys;
I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm,
It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife,
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one imperfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease;
I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright Angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

"The Lost Chord" is one of the most extensively-circulated of all songs. It is doubtful if there is another song in any language that has reached to such widely different confines as the musical setting of Adelaide A. Procter's verses by the late Arthur Sullivan. It is probable that the poem would not have found more than passing recognition had not Mr. Sullivan immortalized it with his splendid harmony. Dozens of other composers have followed his lead, but with little success.

Unlike many of the songs that have lived for a long time and will no doubt continue to live indefinitely, "The Lost Chord" has real merit in its composition. It would be almost possible to count in a score the great songs of its class of which it is one of the best. If Sullivan had written nothing else his fame would be everlasting on this one short composition alone. It easily ranks with the best vocal compositions of Schubert, or Schumann, or any of the other great classic song writers. And as to its popularity, it has surpassed any one of them.

"The Lost Chord" is always counted in the printing of any collection of popular songs. It is likewise printed in all collections of classic songs. It has a distinct place in either. It is heard with pleasure by lovers of both.

When the authoress of the words wrote the few short verses, it is not likely that she ever expected her little poetic fancy would come to be famous and to make her name known throughout the world as nothing else she has written has done. And it was a mere poetic fancy, for Miss Procter, in speaking of the writing of the verses after they had become famous, said they were suggested by nothing in particular. She herself was very fond of music, although she was never a composer. Her favorite instrument was the organ, which she always preferred to play to the piano. Its singing quality inspired her. It was following one of these little impromptu musicales that she sat down and wrote the poem. She loved to sit at the instrument and work out harmony; to run up and down the keys in chords; to "wander idly" over them.

Adelaide Anne Procter inherited her talent for verse writing from her talented father, Bryan Waller Procter. Her father is said to have delighted in her and addressed to her a sonnet, when she was only a few weeks old, in 1825, beginning "Child of my heart." In one of his songs he called her "Golden-tressed Adelaide." She early showed a fondness for poetry, and grew up amid surroundings calculated to develop her literary taste. Before she could write her mother used to copy out her favorite poems for her in an album of small note paper, "which looks," wrote Dickens, "as if she had carried it about like another little girl might have carried a doll." N. P. Willis described her as "a beautiful girl, delicate, gentle, and pensive," looking as if she "knew she was a poet's child."

Adelaide began her literary work when she was eighteen years of age by contributing to the "Book of Beauty." She wrote for Dickens' "Household Words" under the name of Mary Berwick. Dickens was a friend of the family and she did not wish to benefit by his friendly partiality. In December, 1854, he recommended the Procters to read a pretty poem by "Miss Berwick" in the Christmas number of "Household Words." The next day Adelaide revealed her secret at home. She contributed poetry very largely to the magazines of her day, and while not a great poet, she had a gift for verse and expressed herself with distinction, charm, and simplicity. She died in 1864 at the age of thirty-nine.

The song is the wail of a throbbing heart, the void of desolation. All through its subtle harmonies can be heard the strains of grief. So profound an impression did the association of the song with the death of his brother make upon Sir Arthur that he is said to have had an aversion to hearing it performed.

Sullivan's songs were, in their day, as well known as his operettas. They are almost always of a tender and sentimental cast; and some of them, such as "Sweet Day," the "Arabian Love Song," words by Shelley; "O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove," words by Jean Ingelow, the Shakespeare songs and the song-cycle of "The Window," written for the purpose by Tennyson, stand in a very high rank. His last composition, in the shape of a single song, was "The Absent-minded Beggar," to words by Kipling. This served its purpose for obtaining substantial aid for charities consequent upon the Boer war. Mr. Sullivan died November, 23, 1900.

If there was ever such a thing as inspiration, then that song was inspired. Frederick Sullivan was a favorite brother of Sir Arthur, and one day the composer received word that his brother was lying at the point of death. He made every effort to reach his bedside before the end, but arrived too late to see him alive. The two brothers were devoted to each other, and the blow was a bitter one to the survivor. He was alone with the body for two hours, at the end of which time he went downstairs and to the organ.

That very morning in the train he had read Miss Procter's poem.

Throwing open the instrument he began to play. And measure by measure "The Lost Chord" was evolved. The composer sadly put his newborn composition on paper and filed it away. Some months later it was published.

Miss Procter showed to best advantage in her narrative poems, such as "The Angel's Story," "The Legend of Bregenz," and "The Story of a Faithful Soul." Her best-known songs, beside "The Lost Chord," are "Cleansing Fires" and "The Message." Her poems were published in America and translated into German. In 1877 the demand for Miss Procter's poems in England was in excess of any living writer except Tennyson.

Sir Arthur Sullivan was the son of a London bandmaster, and is best known to us as the late partner of the firm of Gilbert and Sullivan, the joint composers of so many of the light operas, which stand as the best class of their character of composition. Mr. Sullivan's music is generally light and rollicking, yet he has written many very fine pathetic and sentimental songs. "The Lost Chord" was written when he was comparatively a young man. And although he wrote many larger and more ambitious songs and ballads, he will always be remembered by "The Lost Chord"—and on this account it is fortunate that from a musical standpoint the piece is beyond criticism.

Busy day Meal.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

When you have a busy day and little time to pass in cooking, this dinner will be found convenient, substantial, and tasty: Make a suet crust and line a pudding basin with it, then put in two tablespoonfuls of haricot beans which have been soaked over-night, one pound of leg-of-beef, cut nearly through in dice-like pieces, and three potatoes. Cover the top with the crust, tie down with a cloth, and boil for four hours. The fire or gas stove needs to be kept only sufficiently hot to keep the pot boiling and the pudding only takes about fifteen minutes to make.

AUTOMOBILE NEWS NOTES AND GOSSIP

Continued from Page Four.

fore. The banks, it is true, have discouraged the farmer and the small agent by refusing loans on anything pertaining to automobiles. The wonderful crops in the West have enabled the farmer (and, of course, the people he comes in contact with) to buy automobiles without recourse to the bank, and, as the farmer looks upon the automobile now as a necessity and not with the feeling of antagonism shown in former years, there is no question in my mind but what the fall purchases of machines will be greater than ever before known."

E. Arme and brother are contemplating a trip to Atlantic City in a Thomas-Detroit to-day or to-morrow.

J. Galibart and L. Hoover will make a trip to Chicago in the early part of next week.

W. F. Dennis and wife, of Stoneleigh Court, left last week for Hot Springs, Va., in a Columbia car.

The Washington flying squadron, composed of two roadsters and one top tonneau, will leave this city Sunday morning for Philadelphia to participate in the Munsey historic tour to New England and return. The selection of colors on these cars is an attractive one. The toy tonneau is painted in dark red, striped with black and gold. One roadster is painted an olive green and striped in black and gold. The second roadster is painted an auto gray, striped in black and gold.

The Flanders "20" "Under Three Flags" car, which started from Quebec June 6, ended her long journey at Mexico City August 3 and is now on her way home, the return trip being made by rail, as originally planned, although on their arrival at their destination the crew of the car urgently requested the privilege of returning as they had come.

The total mileage of the car over the long trip was slightly in excess of the shortest railroad trip between the two terminal points, the final register denoting 4,102 miles, of which 812.5 miles were traveled in Canada, 2,180.9 in the United States, and 1,133.6 in Mexico. Had it not been for the extremely devious route necessary in Mexico, the car would have been able to actually lower the shortest distance by rail, so direct was the line which was pursued from terminal to terminal, regardless of the natural obstacles encountered. The trip of fifty-nine days was undoubtedly the longest public performance on record by a 20-horsepower car, and was made with surprisingly slight mechanical difficulty. The motor gave absolutely no trouble throughout, and the tires, with the exception of a rear casing, carried the car from Detroit to Mexico.

The Commercial Supply Company has sold W. H. Richie an E-M-F "30" and Fulton R. Gordon a "30" E-M-F touring car.

Charles Sonne and wife are on a tour to Atlantic City, Cape May, and Asbury Park. They will be gone for about two weeks.

H. J. Mannering and family are on a trip for two weeks in Northern Pennsylvania.

Curtis Lampson, W. J. Hoover, and Fred Eberly became stranded eighteen miles outside of Atlantic City. They were in a four-cylinder car, which blew out. They are now in Philadelphia awaiting repairs.

WEEK IN MUSIC.

Mrs. Annie Louise Powell, a former resident of Washington, and prominent in music circles, is spending a week in this city with friends, on her way South for a short concert tour. Mrs. Powell was for many years a leading contralto soloist of Washington and Baltimore, and for some years had charge of the vocal music in the Woman's College of Baltimore. She has turned her attention more to composition recently, and has written many charming songs.

Dr. and Mrs. T. C. Lovette, of the music faculty of Baylor College, Belton, Tex., who have spent the summer with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Whitford, in Washington, will leave to-morrow to return to their duties in the college. Mrs. Lovette was formerly Miss Eva Whitford, of this city, one of the leading soloists in church choir and concert circles, and had a successful professional career. She has spent but one season in Baylor College, where she married Dr. Lovette. The serious illness of her mother during their visit here has interfered considerably with the entertaining of Dr. and Mrs. Lovette. Dr. Lovette, however, has made a great success among the musical people here with his compositions and his piano performances. He was formerly a professor in the Leipzig Conservatory, and more recently in one of the music colleges of Chicago, from where he went to Baylor College.

Mrs. Kathrine Rogers, the new soprano soloist of St. Patrick's Church choir, has returned from a visit to relatives in Edgewater, N. J., and begun rehearsals of the choir for the opening the first Sunday in September.

Miss Marguerite O'Toole, harpist and organist at the Shrine of the Sacred Heart, is spending her vacation with friends at Norwood, near Philadelphia. She will return in time to resume her duties with the choir of the Sacred Heart, where she has been re-engaged.

Mrs. F. B. Gilmore, contralto soloist in the choir of St. Patrick's Church, will go to Richmond this week for a short vacation.

Master Joseph McGarraghy, soprano soloist at St. Paul's Catholic Church, will sing Parris' "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say" at St. Matthew's Church at the vesper services this evening.

Mr. Richard P. Backing, tenor, is spending his vacation at Cape May. He will return this week.

Miss Edna Dyer, one of the promising young sopranos of the Rubinstein Club, has been engaged as assistant soloist in the choir of St. Patrick's Church.

Mrs. Gertrude Dana Brockway, soprano, will return to Washington in time to resume her duties as soprano soloist in the choir of the Eastern Methodist Church.

Mrs. Nellie O'Hare Pollard has been engaged as contralto soloist in the choir of St. Stephen's Catholic Church. She will return from the West the first week in September.

Guessing Luncheon.

Girls who want to give clever midday feasts to their friends should try a guessing luncheon, in which all or many of the dishes are given names, says the Philadelphia Star.

Every guest is given a chance to find out what the food is before the feast is served. Cards are handed around and small pencils. There are a dozen or more sentences written on the card, each of which stands for a food. The one who guesses the most of these correctly is awarded a prize. It is not necessary to serve the food; it is only necessary to guess it. A jumble would result if the hostess served the lunch which is on the card.

One of the best of these is as follows:

1. Emblem of silence—Oysters.
2. The penalty of looking backward—Salt.
3. Made keen by its mother—Vinegar.
4. Boston diet—Beans.
5. Forbidden to Jews—Pork.
6. Emblem of stupidity—Goose.
7. Universal crown—Hare.
8. Largest part of the foot—Sole.
9. To shrink from danger—Quail.
10. Ludicrous situations—Pickles.
11. Tailor's tool—Goose.
12. Country of the "Sublime Porte"—Turkey.
13. One of Noah's sons—Ham.
14. Woman's weapon—Tongue.

Big Hats May Produce Baldness.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

London, never as exaggerated as America's metropolis in the matter of feminine fashions, nevertheless, finally has fallen victim to the enormous hats of straw or lace affected by summer-gowned womankind. Not only do the English newspapers and periodicals denounce the huge specimens of millinery worn by women of the smart set, but they even invent hygienic reasons to prove the evil of this type of headwear. One West End hairdresser, for instance, has taken it on himself to denounce publicly and in no measured tone the effect such hats have on their wearer's tresses. "As grass turns yellow under a mushroom, so women's hair will lose its color and deteriorate under the gigantic hats which are now the mode," says this specialist. "There is every possibility of the fair set going bald unless a revolution in hats is effected. First of all, these enormous mountains of millinery shut out the health-giving sun and air. Secondly, they present such vast surfaces to the wind that they tug against the detaining hat pins like a kite on a string."

Lucky Dog.

From the Kansas City Times.

"My wife is excessively found of her poodle. Actually, I'm beginning to look on it as a sort of a rival to me."

"Say, you're lucky. I'm only a sort of a rival to my wife's poodle."

Her Excuse.

Widow (to dressmaker)—You must really wait awhile for payment for the mourning dresses. We are still too sorrowful to consider financial matters.

Linings for evening wraps and coats are of contrasting color, either of chiffon or soft satin.